

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

DOW MEDICAL COLLEGE CLASS OF 1985

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EDITED BY SALEEM A KHANANI & SAMEENA KHAN



A TRIBUTE TO A GREAT TEACHER

LATE PROFESSOR KHAWAJA MUIN

BY

DR. HUMAIRA MUIN DMC 1985

Prof. Khawaja Muin



By
Dr. Humaira Muin

My father Professor Khawaja Muin was born on October 26th 1929 in Nagpur where he received his early schooling. He started his medical studies at the Nagpur Medical College in 1947 but the creation of Pakistan motivated his migrating there. He joined Dow Medical College in October 1947. A brilliant student, he graduated in 1952 securing the third position and winning Gold Medal in Medicine. His extracurricular interests included tennis, swimming, dramatics (yes that too) and debating.

As was the norm in those days he proceeded to England for postgraduate training and studies in 1959 returning quite soon with MRCP and DTM&H. He joined the Civil Hospital Karachi as an assistant professor in medicine in 1961 where he taught and trained generations of future doctors and postgraduate students.

During the 1965 war he volunteered as a surgeon commander at the PNS Shifa. The doctor was not just a doctor; he was a sportsman who did not want to stay behind while his country was at war. Quite justifiably his name was suggested by the Pakistan Medical Association to Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in 1972 for the project director of the Sind Medical College. His administrative capability was demonstrated to perfection when he made this project a reality in less than 6 months. He became the first principal of the newly established medical college that is now a full-fledged university.



Professor Khwaja Muin at the inauguration of the Sind Medical College 1973

He was conferred fellowship of the royal college of physicians of Edinburgh and the college of physicians of Pakistan recognized his academic services by honoring him with FCPS in 1977.

I consider myself one of the luckiest and the most blessed persons to be his daughter, as men like him are legends and very rarely does one come across such dynamic personalities since even after 32 years of his death, people miss him. In my childhood I used to think that all fathers are like him, but as I grew older, I realized that he was exceptional. I could see the way people used to be mesmerized by his personality and literally idolized him. Even after 32 years, many a time I have come across people either his ex-students or patients who have almost jumped at hearing that I was his daughter and then narrated their own beautiful experiences they had interacting with him or how he had benefitted them in life and sometimes even changed their lives. These stories run into hundreds. On a lighter note hundreds of women used to admire him tremendously, constantly asking me questions about him but he was a very devoted husband and an exceptional father.

My childhood days were filled with picnics on every weekend, with friends and family and every single summer vacation was spent in Abbotabad or Lawrence College with 35 cousins and adults, and my father used to take the kids and make every one finish their homework. All the cousins literally adored him and sometimes there was an argument as to who would sit in the front seat of the car with him. Anyone who was even distantly connected with my family would feel proud to tell everyone that he knew Prof. Khawaja Muin. The qualities he himself had he tried to inculcate in my sister and me and I think he succeeded to a certain extent.

November 23rd 1981 is a day of my life that I wish had never come. My father had suffered a heart after which I was lucky to spend the max amount of time with him. His last day was my 21st birthday and he was due to leave the next night for his heart surgery. He went next morning to get gifts for the friends who were to receive him on his arrival in UK. He had his lunch and went to his room to rest. After about 10 minutes I found him dead. He has passed away peacefully in his sleep. Life would never be the same again with Aboo.

FROM THE EDITORS

Our class was going through the 4th year of medical school when Professor Khwaja Muin passed away. We did not have the privilege of being his students but whatever we heard about him from our seniors indicated that he was an astute physician, a brilliant teacher and an excellent person. The day he passed away was a sad day for the entire medical community, especially the students of Dow Medical College. Classes were suspended and hundreds of students and doctors proceeded to attend his funeral prayers that were led by Dr. Amjad of Liaquat National Hospital.

The editors are grateful to the professor's daughter and our class fellow Dr. Humaira Muin for letting us have a glimpse of who her father was. The tributes from his students and colleagues are a further testimony to the outstanding qualities of a wonderful man, and what a great loss his passing away was to the medical community.

May he rest in peace, Ameen!

Aboo, the word which evokes memories of days gone by; sweet, happy memories which have blurred with the passage of time but are very much a part of me.

Every parent holds a very special place in a child's life but when others say how special your father was, your heart swells up with pride. My father, Professor Khwaja Muin, made us all proud and even after thirty two years of passing away, his name brings about such reactions that it amazes me. Till today people talk of him as if he was with us till very recently.

Around three months ago my husband (who is not a doctor and had never met my father) suffered a heart attack. I rushed him to the hospital and after initial care the doctors on duty realized he was Dr Khwaja Muin's son-in-law, I was very touched about how they reacted to this fact. They told us many stories of him as a teacher, mentor and role model that made me think how much a larger than life personality he was - and the legacy he left behind him in his students and colleagues.

Words cannot convey what I feel but one thing stands true about my father; he stood taller than the most around him.

My late husband Khawaja Muin and I were married for less than 25 years. Soon after our marriage we spent nearly 3 years in London. Muin got his MRCP in 2 years. In 1959 we bought a car and drove all over Europe for 3 weeks. That was the best holiday of my life and a wonderful time that we spent together. After returning to Pakistan, Muin not only served as a healer to the needy but was also involved in helping and advising generations of future healers. Our house was open not only to junior doctors but also to his innumerable students. Besides being fun-loving and social, Muin was also fond of reading books. He got plenty of reading material from the Karachi Gymkhana library on a regular basis. A caring and devoted father of two daughters, he doted on them and was not just their father, but also a friend. God did not give him enough time to advise or enjoy his children. May God grant him eternal peace, Ameen!



The Muin family in those happy days

"We rotated through Prof. Khwaja Moin's Ward 3 in Civil Hospital Karachi in 1973-74. We had the best experience of any rotation with a physician who had great knowledge of medicine but carried it with utmost humility and compassion. I was very impressed by Prof. Moin's gentle approach to patient care and his teaching methods. His influence as well as the experience with some other teachers in Dow and Civil likely contributed to my later decision to take internal medicine as a career. *Dr. Amin H Karim Dow 1977*



DR. Haroon: The strength of his character, the commitment to his cause and convictions and unassuming casual attitude were his major qualities, which I can recall now. He believed in honesty, dedication and fair play, and vigorously practiced them.

What killed him could be the hypocrisy among the individuals, decadence in society and retrogression in our national life, he was a sensitive man.

He had a pivotal position in resolving a deadlock between the government and the young doctors who had gone on strike when he was president PMA

DR. Manzoor Zaidi:

The sad and sudden demise of Prof. Khawaja Muin shocked the entire medical community. The untimely departure deprived the profession of a pillar of the PMA and a very close friend from DMC days.

A TEACHER REMEMBERED

By Zakaria Saifullah, DDS

(Khajista Kazi's brother)

I had met Professor Khawaja Moin when I was a student in the Bachelor of Dental Surgery program at the Liaquat Medical College, Jamshoro. While Dr. M. A. Almani had taught Medicine to us, Dr. Khawaja Moin was our external examiner during the 3rd professional BDS annual exams.

Also, during his tenure at the LMC, I had recorded an interview with Dr. Khawaja Moin for broadcast in the English language Students' program of Radio Pakistan Hyderabad station. That interview was recorded around 1970 or 1971. Mr. Murad of the broadcasting house had told me that his tape recorder had malfunctioned. On his request I contacted Dr. Khawaja Moin, who was gracious enough to re-record the interview.

After I had left Jamshoro and was visiting Karachi, I had seen Dr. Khawaja Moin walking on the sidewalk towards the intersection very close to the Omega watches' dealership, across from the Singer's store. He was smoking a pipe and, I assumed, his wife and two daughters were walking right behind him. It was obvious he was very relaxed and I intentionally did not interrupt him. He routinely had a very busy schedule, including teaching and private practice. I thought he rightly deserved those rare moments of relative peace.

I had learned that he had about that time taken and passed the ECFMG exam at that age. To date his taking this exam is a source of inspiration for me. He had reached a highest level in his profession and did not need to prove himself to anyone. However, he did this to make a point and was successful.

Interestingly, after I got married, it turned out my wife Azra from the Indian city of Nagpur was related to Dr. Khwaja Moin.

May his soul rest in peace.

Professor Khwaja Moin

We at Dow Medical College in the 1970s were privileged to have been taught by some very distinguished mentors. People that we could look up to and follow the example of. Each one stood apart from the other by his or her own individual qualities.

Prof. Moin sahib was known to me since early in my life. He was married to Dr. Safia whose family and ours are friends for three generations. Later, at Dow, it was my good fortune to have been taught medicine by him.

The first thing that came across about him was his friendliness. This was his attitude towards all his students and house staff. Ward rounds and bedside teaching was up close and personal yet never intimidating. He would involve each student. He remembered names. If someone didn't know an answer, he had a way of not making them feel small. And at all times, respect for the dignity of the patient was maintained.

As an examiner, he was more like a friend having a chat than an inquisitor. He also went out of his way to help students and staff further themselves.

I was also Khwaja Sahib's house officer. He gave responsibility and expected hard work but never in an overbearing fashion. Always approachable, even after hours and never one to frown for any reason. Extremely knowledgeable but never trying to display that fact other than to educate someone or to treat illness.

Khwaja Sahib was a good looking man. His looks were enhanced because he only said pleasant things. If he didn't have a good thing to say, he didn't say it.

It was during my internship that he suffered his heart attack which later proved fatal. I still remember him describing the pressure on his chest as if death was coming on.

His description

Dr. Suleman B Hasan, Class of 1980

sounded more like he was educating us about a symptom than a personal feeling. I guess it was the professor in him that never quite left his person till the very end. And God took him from us prematurely. Yet between the time that he had his infarction and the time of his death, he made sure to write me a letter of recommendation for further training. It is something I will never forget.

There was much to learn from Professor Sahib. He had so much to give, in the way of medical training, manners and personal conduct and how to love people and live a good life. His premature departure deprived many of this benefit. His daughters Saadia and Humaira and even his wife were very young at the time. His own youthful looks and attitude made his passing very hard to accept. It was a huge loss. May Allah rest his soul in eternal peace, Ameen!

Dr. Suleman B Hasan is the son of one of our distinguished professors Dr. Mushtaq Hasan, and brother of one of our class fellows Dr. Zeba (Hasan) Hafeez.



A tribute from some Dow Alumni

There are no words enough to capture his unique dedication perennial humanism and amazing brilliance beguilingly wise, charmingly witty, magnanimously large hearted he inculcated all of us with the values he himself epitomized, honest, hard work, scintillating dynamics and serene courage to the end he deemed it a privilege to be with DOW, just as all of us considered it an honor to be associated with him.

He was an uncommon genius with an uncanny ability to live and work spiritedly with his colleagues, family, his students and patients.

A man who had such a caring and loving journey through life is phenomenally rare, such a rare man will doubtlessly be eternally mourned and remembered (and to this day he surely is) but we thank God that such a monumental and magnificent personality and a visionary lived amongst us.

From The Professor's Colleagues

DR. Badar Siddiqi:

My first recollection of Khawaja Sahib was from the eyes of a fresh third year student, a kind and handsome face taking notice of the unwanted green third year batch, it is only someone closely associated to him as a teacher to realize this magnificent aspect of his personality, his attitude towards raw and sensitive students was gentle and encouraging. He opened their minds and made them to think and use their reason. He had an incredible sense of duty to the young who benefited from his immense wisdom unassuming ease and natural charm. Institutions always exist and develop around personalities and without the contribution of Khawaja Sahib, PMA would not be what it is today (he was elected PMA president thrice). He never hesitated to lash out at hypocrisy, nepotism and injustice but there was always majesty about his wrath.

His personality only evoked love and admiration from anybody and everybody who came across him. He was indeed a leader of men. He was an idol to many.

I knew him very closely and could find no fault in him as a teacher, a leader and a family man. I find it difficult to translate into words what Khawaja Sahib was

Professor Kashfuduja

IN THE DEATH OF PROF. KHAWAJA MUIN, MEDICAL PROFESSION LOST A GREAT TEACHER, A GREAT PHYSICIAN AND A GREAT ADMINISTRATOR, HE WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF ALL THE ETHICAL QUALITIES OF A DOCTOR, SMC WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO HIM, HE NOT ONLY SINGLE HANDEDLY BROUGHT IT INTO BEING BUT ALSO NURTURED IT IN THE DIFFICULT EARLY DAYS HE WAS THE PROJECT DIRECTOR AND 1ST PRINCIPAL WE ALL CAME TO KNOW HIM WHEN THE COLLEGE STARTED, AND WITH HIS HARD WORK INTELLIGENCE AND DEVOTION HE INFUSED THE SAME FEELINGS IN HIS JUNIORS AND COLLEAGUES, EVERYONE WORKED LATE HOURS BUT THERE WERE NO COMPLAINTS OR FRUSTRATION AS THE PLEASANT PERSONALITY OF THE LEADER INSPIRED THEM WITH HIS HONESTY AND SINCERITY. HIS SWEET PERSONALITY WILL ALWAYS REMAIN IN THE MEMORY OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE WORKED WITH HIM. HIS NAME WILL ALWAYS REMAIN SHINING IN THE HISTORY OF SIND MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Professor Khawaja Muin Ahmed unfortunately passed away at the prime of his career while serving as the Professor of Medicine at Dow Medical College (Dow University of Health Sciences). I never had the honor of being taught by Professor Ahmed; however, given that he was a friend and colleague of my father, Prof Mushtaq Hasan, our family association went way back to my pre medical college days with his daughter, Humaira, at St Joseph's Convent School and later at Dow Medical College. My rapport with Professor Muin Ahmed was on a different plain and more referential.

He was also highly revered by Dr Azra Ali, who always fondly addressed him as 'Khwaja Sahib.' Dr. Azra Ali is a very close family friend, in addition to having been one of my father's students. She had been taught by Professor Muin Ahmed as well. She related to me once that when Medical Unit 2 was changed to Medical Unit 1 around 1966 or 1967, my father was serving as the Professor of Medicine while Professor Muin Ahmed was an associate Professor at the time. Like the other professionals, Khawaja Sahib felt some apprehension about this change and asked Dr Azra Ali, the then RMO (Resident Medical Officer), about getting some clues from my father about the future course of events with regards to continuation of work in Medical Unit 1. She fondly recalled that my father had said, "Muin is a member of our team, and one of us; he is a very capable and learned man and shall continue to be part of our team."

Later, when Dr. Azra Ali returned to Pakistan after an extended stay abroad, having completed her membership, Khawaja Sahib opened the door of his consulting room to facilitate her hours before he would arrive for his own consultations. He would not accept any monetary compensation from her for the space being provided. She recalled that often she got delayed and he had to wait outside as she wrapped up her sessions. There was never a frown on his face and he never made her feel uncomfortable or stressed about this delay. She can

never forget his gentleness and generosity in addition to all the qualities of an academician par excellence that he was.

Professor Muin Ahmed has left a lasting impression on me by the impact of his towering personality; relaxed, unperturbed, pleasantly disposed, and sophisticated. He was a very handsome man, but his temperament and inner peace accentuated the overall impact of his persona. I recall an occasion when my father had invited his house physicians and colleagues to our home for dinner when I had been assigned the task of serving green tea after the meal. Being a teenager at that time, I felt somewhat awkward and self-conscious while doing so. I can still visualize Professor Muin Ahmed, dressed elegantly in a dark suit, remark with a smile and a peaceful glow on his face, "Bibi koyi pan wan bhi khilao gi." His friendly quip instantly dispelled any discomfort I may have felt at that time. This is a small example of his innate ability to put people at ease.

The fateful day that he passed away is still clear in my mind. My father had come home and solemnly announced, "Muin has died! Let's go there now". Sadly Professor Muin Ahmed left this world prematurely leaving a great void in his family and in the academic and professional circles. It is quite remarkable and inspirational to think of all that he achieved over the course of his short life span, and the many ways he touched the lives of so many individuals.

The quote below is particularly apt here.

"I shall pass this way but once; any good that I can do or any kindness I can show to any human being; let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." [Etienne de Grellet](#) (1773-1855).

May Professor Khawaja Moin Ahmed's soul rest in eternal peace, Ameen!

SOME MEMORABLE PHOTOS



Professor with his students



پڑوس کے حقوق ایک مرتبہ حضرت صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم نے صحابہؓ سے فرمایا جانتے بھی ہو ہمسایہ کے کتنے حق ہیں؟ اگر ہمسایہ مدد چاہے تو مدد کرو، اور اگر قرض مانگے تو قرض دو، اگر تنگ دست ہو جائے تو سلوک کرو، اگر بیمار پڑے تو عیادت کرو، اور انتقال کر جائے تو جنازہ کے ساتھ جاؤ، اگر اس کو کوئی خوشی حاصل ہو تو مبارک باد دو، اور رنج پہنچے تو تسلی دو، اس کی اجازت کے بغیر اپنا مکان اتنا اونچا نہ بناؤ کہ اس کو خاطر خواہ ہو نہ پہنچ سکے، اگر کوئی پھل خرید کر لاؤ تو اس میں سے بقدر مناسب اس کو بھی دو اور اگر نہ دے سکو تو چپکے سے گھر میں لے جاؤ تاکہ دیکھ کر اس کو حرص نہ ہو اس کے بعد مناسب ہے کہ تمہارا بچہ بھی پھل لے کر باہر نہ بھلے کیونکہ ہمسایہ کے بچہ کو حرص ہوگی تو اس کو رنج ہوگا، اسی طرح اگر لائڈی چڑھے تو ایک چھپ پڑوسی کو بھی پہنچاؤ جانتے ہو کہ پڑوسی کا حق کس قدر ہے؟ بس یہ سمجھ لو کہ پڑوسی کے حق وہی ہوئے کر سکتا ہے جس پر حق تعالیٰ کا فضل ہو۔

وَقَالَ رَبُّكُمْ ادْعُونِي أَسْتَجِبْ لَكُمْ



Hafiz Shirazi on the creation of everything by Saleem A Khanani

نہ بہ تنہا حیوانات و نباتات و جماد
ہر چہ در عالم امر است بہ فرمان تو باد

*The living beings, the vegetation and unmovables (stones, mountains)
Everything in the realm of command exists due to Your Order!*

According to the Quranic philosophy the Creation is of two types:

عالم الخلق

The realm of Creation: occurs in time and space, may require preexisting material and may go through an evolutionary process.

عالم الأمر

The realm of Command
Things come into existence due to Allah's Command!

کن فیکن

(He says) Be and there it is!

The Lighter side



SALEEM A KHANANI

Dedicated to Nadeem Zafar

My attempt at Punjabi poetry with apologies to Farrukh Hashmi Sam Khan and Punjabi speaking folks

اک نظم ندیم لئی
نالے رونا اے نہ سونا اے
بنجو بھر اکھاں وچ
شکوے کر تو نال میرے
کچھ تے کر گل دکھاں دی
چھاواں دی تے سکھاں دی
بنجواں بھریاں اکھاں دی
بنڑ رولے سجن یار مرے
جے اکھیاں بہنا بند کریں
پھر تو سو لے سونڑے یار مرے



An unforgettable play with Shahed Qureshi as Zia-ul-Haque and Farrukh Hashmi as general Chisti



APPNA 2013



SHOAIB SIDDIQUI WITH WAMIQUE AND FARRUKH



D85 PRODUCES A DAZZLING DISPLAY AT APPNA 2013

Farrukh Hashmi introducing Naseem Shekhani at the Award Ceremony



ARSHAD KHALIL AND RAKHSHEE



AQUEEL MANDIWALA AND HIS WIFE

PROUD ACHIEVEMENTS D85 GRADUATES BRING HONORS TO THE CLASS



Zahid Asgher hosts a TV show on Aaj TV every Sunday at 2 pm EST



UMAR FAROOQ WINS THE PRESTIGIOUS
BEST TEACHER AWARD

INTERNATIONAL THE NEWS

Founded by: Mir Khalil-ur-Rahman

Dr Farooq of DUHS receives HEC Best
Teacher Award

our correspondent
Thursday, August 22, 2013
From Print Edition

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Karachi

Professor Dr M Umar Farooq, Pro-Vice Chancellor of the Dow University of Health Sciences (DUHS) and Professor of ENT-Head & Neck Surgery, was awarded the Higher Education Commission (HEC) Best University Teachers Award for 2011.

Dr Farooq received the award, along with a Rs100,000 cash prize, at a ceremony held here on Wednesday.

The criteria for the award includes the evaluation of qualification, teaching, research and co-curricular activities. Dr Farooq scored the highest amongst 63 nominees shortlisted from an original list of 153.

Harris County addresses health care for the homeless



The Harris Health System's Healthcare for the Homeless provided care to over 9000 homeless individuals in 2012 with ever increasing numbers every year. The medical director of this program is no other than our own class fellow, Dr. Yasmeen Quadri, associate professor of community medicine at Baylor's College of Medicine, Houston Texas.

She was interviewed recently by the Houston Chronicle.

Yasmeen mentioned that the most common medical conditions she takes care of are hypertension, diabetes, depression, and alcohol and substance abuse. Patients are referred to substance abuse counseling. She also focusses on getting them into housing, either respite care that's provided by certain shelters, or into permanent housing, or into shelter care depending on what their status is. The system is a comprehensive "one-stop shop," where a person could get all kinds of services or referrals from one location.

The system plans to have a stronger and more robust mental and behavioral health program in future, because that is key to working successfully with the homeless and under-served population.

Responding to a question Yasmeen mentioned, "Our program would like to take care of the homeless population, so that the community as a whole is treated with dignity, so that we live in a place where everyone deserves the same as anyone else."

She plans to decrease the overall health care cost to the country by taking an initiative that decreases the amount of emergency room visits by the homeless population.

Dr. Yasmeen Quadri was interviewed by the Metro Desk reporter Anita Hassan. The interview was published in the Houston Chronicle on August 30, 2013.

انا لله وانا اليه راجعون

The D85 family expresses its condolences to our own Mahwash Ghaba on the sad loss of her father on August 26, 2013. He passed away in Karachi surrounded by his loving wife and children. Mahwash has left for Karachi. We raise our hands in making supplication to Allah SWT to shower His mercy on the deceased soul and give him a place in the Jannatul Firdaus, Ameen!



Mahwash has been a regular contributor to the class magazine. Her “poet of the month” articles have been very informative and well received. We hope that she will find comfort with her family and will soon join her class fellows and friends. She has a strong personality and we all stand with her and her family at this difficult time of their life.

Please remember Mahwash’s father in your duas.



SELECTED POETRY

پہلے سے دوست ہیں نہ وہ پہلے سی دوستی
کس سے کہیں کہ شہر میں کیا کیا نہیں رہا

پیڑوں کے مول پک گئے چڑیوں کے غول بھی
کیا ظلم ہے کہ ظلم کا چرچا نہیں رہا

بے چین شام سے ہیں ابابیل کی طرح
کعبے کے رُخ اڑان کا یارا نہیں رہا

اے نم نگاہ! یہ نم مڑگاں کی آب ہے
شایانِ آسماں کوئی تارا نہیں رہا

دل میں غبار ہونے کی طاقت نہیں رہی
نَس نَس جو دوڑتا تھا، وہ پارا نہیں رہا

خالد وہ طبل و نے، وہ حدی خواں نہیں رہے
یہ قافلہ بھی زمزمہ آرا نہیں رہا

خالد احمد

درد کا چہرہ
میں اک شاعر آوارہ تنہا
نادیدہ منزل کی طلب میں
دنیا کے خم و پیچ میں الجھا
اب جیون کی اس سرحد پر
جب منزل بے نہ منزل کی طلب
یاد آتے ہیں اکثر مجھ کو
بچپن کے وہ ٹوٹے کھلونے
کھوئے ہوئے کچھ دلکش چہرے
اور ان میں خود اپنا چہرہ
کتنا نامانوس سا لگتا ہے
اقبال ہاشمانی
A Proud Dowite

ہم یہیں آس پاس تھے لیکن۔
ہم تیرے التفات کو ترسے۔
عمر بھر گفتگو رہی لیکن۔
پیار کی ایک بات کو ترسے۔

یہ شیشہء دل مسکن تیرا۔
جو کنکر سے بھی ٹوٹ گیا۔
اب کیا حاصل، اب کیا رونا۔
جب ساتھ ہمارا چھوٹ گیا۔

لفظوں کے نوکیلے کنکر سے۔
اب اور کسے تم توڑو گے۔
یہ تن من کرچی کرچی ہے۔
بکھرے شیشے کیا جوڑو گے۔

خواہش تھی اک چھوٹی سی۔
تیرے انگن کی، تیری جنت کی۔
تیرے پیار کی ٹھنڈی چھاؤں کی۔
اس پیاسے دل کی منت تھی۔

یہ ریشم کا کوئی تار نہ تھا۔
تھا کچا دھاگہ ٹوٹ گیا۔
جب دل ہی ریزہ ریزہ ہے۔
پھر کیا جو دامن چھوٹ گیا۔

جو تیرے ہاتھ کے کنکر تھے۔
وہ میری روح پہ پتھر تھے۔
اک عمر تیرے سنگ کیا چلتے۔
دو چار قدم بھی دوبھر تھے۔

تھے تیری محبت کے قابل۔
یا کہ قدموں کی ٹھوکر تھے۔
اب ان باتوں سے کیا حاصل۔
ہم ہیرا تھے یا کنکر تھے۔

یہ دل تھا نازک شیشے سا۔
اور تیرے ہاتھ میں کنکر تھے۔
میرے کرچی کرچی من میں۔
جو آن لگے وہ پتھر تھے۔

فاطمہ نجیب

تمہارے جانے کے بعد پہلی بارش
Sameena Khan



وہ تمہارا مسکانا
بھیگنا وہ بارش میں
ایک ایک لمحے کو
آنکھ میں بسا لینا
...مجھ کو یاد آتا ہے
دل میں درد کی گہری
ایک ٹیس اٹھتی ہے
دل میں بارش ہوتی ہے
آنکھ بھی برستی ہے

تم کہیں نہیں ہو، پر
ہر طرف تم ہی تم ہو

ثمینہ

اس اداس موسم میں
یوں تمہاری یاد آئی
جسے پھول کھلتے ہوں
ریشمی بہاروں میں

جب بھی ساون آتا تھا
اور گھٹا امڈتی تھی
جب بھی گھپ اندھیرے میں
بجلیاں کڑکتی تھیں

تم ہمیشہ بنستی تھیں
خوب کھلکھلاتی تھیں
بارشوں کے موسم میں
تم بہار ہوتی تھیں

آج پھر وہ موسم ہے
پھر وہی گھٹائیں ہیں
لیکن آج اس گھر میں
اس حسین موسم اور
اتنی تیز بارش میں
اک عجب اداسی ہے
ہر طرف اندھیرا ہے

میرے حصے کی سچائی

میرے حصے کی سچائی
میرا دامن کھینچتی ہے
اور کہتی ہے
کہاں گئے وہ سارے وعدے؟
تُم نے کہا تھا
کام ہیں کچھ نمٹانے والے
بس یہ ہو لیں
پھر ہم دونوں ساتھ چلیں گے
اُس بستی میں
جس میں آج کا درد بسا ہے
تُم نے کہا تھا
لفظ ہمارے ترکش کے وہ تیر ہیں جن میں
آگ فروزاں
جب ہم سیدھ نشا نہ لے کر
وار کریں گے
خون آشام اندھیرا اگر کر دم توڑے گا
ہم لکھیں گے وہ منظوم عبارت جس میں
اسم ہے ایسا
ظلم کے ایوان کھنڈر بنیں گے

کہاں گئے وہ سارے وعدے؟
تُم مصروف دنوں کے قیدی
میں اک ہجر زدہ تنہائی
راتوں کو یوں چھپ کر ملنا
تُم ہی کہو تجھ پر وفا ہے؟
روشن دن کے موڑ پہ بن کر
اک بے باک جنوں کا قصہ
ہمت کی اس تیج پہ آؤ
پھر سے بیٹھیں، عہد نبھائیں
اس دُنیا سے آنکھ ملائیں
چپ کی آگ میں جلنا کیسا؟
پیار کیا تو ڈرنا کیسا؟
شارق علی
07.08.13

FAHMIDA RIAZ'S TRIBUTE TO SHARIQ ALI AN HONOR FOR D85

We have known Shariq for a long time in different roles, a serious student, sportsman, poet and much more. As a plastic surgeon his reputation has crossed the boundaries of land and culture. His skills as a poet, both in Urdu and English, are now becoming well known. A noted Urdu poet of recent times, Fahmida Riaz recently sent an email along with a poem to show her appreciation of our friend.

عمر تو کٹ گئی
ایک دشت ملامت میں کھاتے ہوئے جھڑکیاں
ٹھوکروں میں رہی ، دونوں بانہوں سے منہ سر بچاتے ہوئے
لڑکھڑاتے ہوئے راہ چلتی رہی
پھر بھی کچھ سال سے
ایسا سننے میں آنے لگا ہے
کہ اک شاعرہ ہیں بہت ہی عظیم
مدبر ، مفکر ، بہت اور کچھ ، جن کا پھیلا ہے شہرہ
بھلا کون بین یہ ؟
کبھی جی میں آتا ہے میں بھی ملوں
کیسی لگتی ہیں دیکھوں
ان سے ان کی کتابوں پہ دستخط کرا کے رکھوں اپنے پاس
مگر۔۔ ایک تو
ان کی کوئی کتاب
میرے گھر میں نہیں
پہلے تھیں تو کبھی،
ایک آدھ
ملنے والے مگر سب اٹھالے گئے
ان کو کیا روکتی
دوسری بات یہ ہے
کہ مشہور و معروف لوگوں سے ملنے کی چاہت
نہ دل میں کبھی تھی ، نہ ہے اور نہ ہوگی
یوں بھی کہنے میں آتا ہے اس طرح کی
ہستیوں سے اگر آپ سچ مچ ملیں
تو مایوس ہوتے ہیں اکثر
ان کی نظمیں مگر منہ زبانی کئی یاد ہیں
سنادوں اگر آپ مجھ سے کہیں
یاد اتنی ہی کافی ہے
اتنی شناسائی اس شاعرہ سے بہت ہے مری
زندگی ان سے ملنے نہ ملنے سے ہے بے نیاز
میری ہر سمت پھیلی ہوئی

Some Lessons That Life Has Taught Me

There are a few lessons that life has taught me during my journey of half a century and three years... I am just sharing some of those with you...

But this is not the end; I am still learning and hopefully, will keep acquiring knowledge from all sources including my personal experiences, till my last breath... provided I don't end up with senile dementia or Alzheimer's. □

I know that there people in this forum are more intelligent and erudite than me and their knowledge and experience is much worthier than mine... So please don't take offence... It's just what I have learned... perhaps it may not contain any new lesson for others, but bear with me because it is the order of our chief editor, Saleem Bha, that I must write something... and being poor in writing skills, all that I could come up with was this list... □

***Always stay true to your heart.**

Don't ever be worried about the opinions of others... Do whatever you conscience feels right. Don't be a people pleasure, or a doormat. It only leads to misery later...

ثبات اک تغیر کو بے زمانے میں

In this ever changing world... People change, they grow, they evolve and sometimes they even drift away... A person may be your friend one year and the next year he or she can be your worst enemy... this is life... accept it... don't follow the shadows of past... move one...

***Learn to 'Think'.**

Most of our lives we blindly follow rituals and keep believing in cultural and social biases. Our upbringing, experiences, assumptions and beliefs mold us into a person with certain fixed thoughts...

We must break this cycle of 'conditioning' and discard all the beliefs that we acquired from our surroundings... Read, study, think and then follow...

***Don't assume.**

If you have an argument or discord with someone, try not to assume about what's in their mind... this leads to trust issues and more misunderstanding... If someone has not been good to you in the past, even then, try to stick to the above rule... don't guess... Yes, watch their actions carefully, but don't prejudge... you might find a new friend in your 'assumed' enemy one day...

***Truth always prevails...**

Yes sometimes it takes a longer course... even longer than your lifespan... Have trust; truth finally emerges...

***Freedom, not material wealth gives you real contentment and pure bliss and sadly it is not abundantly available in this world. This includes freedom of thought, freedom of choice, freedom to love, freedom to believe, and lastly, freedom of action...**

Just as you need freedom, others in your life also need it, so respect the other person's choices and decisions, specially your spouse and children's...

Don't try to control or manipulate those who love and respect you, it tends to backfire...

How true this old saying is, "If you love something, set it free. If it comes back, it is yours. If it doesn't, it never was."

*Choices, not mere fate determines the direction of your life... the earlier in life you make a wrong choice the longer you are going to suffer... (in later years you don't get many chances to choose, anyway...)

So choose wisely, after a giving it a long thought... (See? my second lesson is about 'Thinking')

*Expectation is the root of heartache.

Not having too many expectations gives you freedom, from pains and ments... 'Freedom', another choice that I made earlier in my list.

(Easier said than done, but at least one can try)

*Try to walk in the other people's shoes before labeling them.

No one is either completely 'Nice' or totally 'Bad'. These are relative terms. Refrain from classifying people... The world is not merely black or white; there is a lot of grey in between... Thus don't judge others according to your limited knowledge about them. Prejudice, xenophobia and bigotry are the roots of most evils. Be open-minded and tolerant. It is lack of tolerance at all levels that is destroying this world's peace...

دنیا بنسنے والوں کا ساتھ دیتی ہے

Most of the people are too busy in their own lives (and problems), they don't have time or patience for your sob stories... No matter how broken you are, Maintain your dignity and poise... always keep a smiling face... Don't show your tears to everyone, because not everybody is not worth sharing your sorrows.... Learn to enjoy your own company. You are your own best friend...

*Don't jump into every argument you are invited to.

Most people don't hear what you are saying, because they are busy in choosing the answers that would prove them right. No one is convinced by arguing... I have yet to meet one It's a waste of energies to jump into an altercation which may later lead to a bigger quarrel. Avoid such squabbles, smile and walk away. Try to bypass all useless drama and the 'Drama Queens'

*'Actions speak louder than words'...

Each word in this famous sentence is true.

Always watch the actions and don't pay heed to tall claims, this only leads to disappointments later....

جو ڈر گیا وہ مر گیا

The above sentence is self-explanatory... only courageous people move forward in life... Fear and hesitation leads to staleness... and staleness means lifelessness...

*'Our lives are not determined by what happens to us but how we react to it, not by what life brings us but the attitude we bring to life.'

Your attitude towards life is most important... Maintain a positive approach towards everything.

*Weak people react, strong ones act....

Impulsiveness and spontaneity are good in some ways, but if not checked, they may lead to self-destruction... Conniving people may use your impulsiveness to gain points. In order to make you react according to their devious plans, they may irritate you and push you to your limits. When you react indiscreetly, they take advantage and thus the situation turns in their favor and you lose... Beware... stay calm, take a deep breath smile and then 'act' accordingly.

*We must learn to respect others regardless of their age, qualification, financial status, beliefs or looks.

Respect is more important than love.

Honor, trust and praise cannot be claimed... One has to earn these precious gifts by staying, truthful, honest and sincere to ourselves. This in turn leads to conscientiousness towards others too...

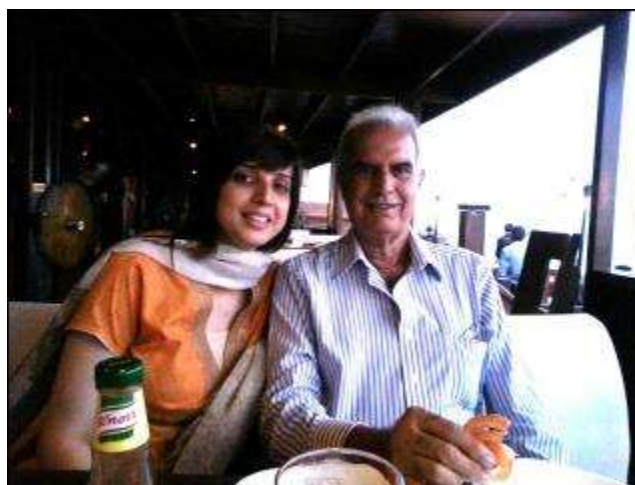
*Our Inconsistency in behavior may lead to serious misunderstandings...

Erratic demeanor may confuse others and as a result we may lose some precious relationships including our best friends...

And last but not the least....

*Fashion and style are two different things.

Maintain your own style and never follow every new fashion blindly. Your character and personality, not your dressing or makeup should be your identity.



My husband and daughter

Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh and family

Vacation USA August 2013

Despite his incredibly busy practice and other academic responsibilities Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh is a devoted husband and doting father. He visited USA in June 2013 for a conference and delighted his class fellows and friends with his customary and characteristic style of talking. Now was the time to bring his family to the Disney world for a totally care-free and non-professional trip. The family visited Orlando and then spent a couple of days in Houston, Texas with the family.

During the hectic trip to the Disney world, Fayyaz still found time to meet with the ever young and hospitable Yousuf Bhaghani who took the family to an authentic “desi” restaurant for a memorable dining experience.

Here are some of the pictures from this unforgettable trip.



A REQUEST TO ALL D85 GRADUATES

We are connected with over 200 of our class fellows through email and on social media. Yet there are many who are busy in their own lives. They may be in touch with their group mates and close friends but are not yet part of the bigger class community on the net. We plan to reach out to all of our class fellows. Please help us accomplish this by encouraging those that you know and who are not yet part of the email listserv or the D85 group on Facebook to join. Please contact Saleem Abubakar, Nadeem Zafar and Fayyaz Ahmed Shaikh.